A Reproof to those Church-Men or Ministers that Refuse to Read the KINGS most Gracious Declaration.

By *Elizabeth Rone*, a Sweet Singer of *Israel*.

IS this the Honour that you give the *KING*,
That you should *Dirt* upon His *Mercy* fling,
By doing contrary to his Command,
And thereby make Divisions in His Land?
Should not you be *Ensamples to the Flock?*
But you are apter at the Truth to mock;
And then hand *Papers* to excuse your selves,
Which yet has render'd you seditious Elves;
But you would fain draw the Dissenters in,
To be partakers of your stubborn Sin;
Thô formerly you did them stubborn call,
And in your Pulpits at them loud did baul;
Nay more than that, you Robbed many a one;
And under your oppressions made them groan,
Because they could not in their Conscience find
That they could be obedient to your mind
Or will, in doing things you did require,
And so past through your persecuting Fire;
Being Counted Fools and Mad-men for that thing,
And set down by you *Rebels to the KING*:
And now in Equitie I do allow,
That they may Laugh, and say, *Who's the Fool now?*
Or who's the Rebel, that would not obey
His Majesty, in such a Blessed VVay,
In making Peace amongst his Subjects all,
And setting every Conscience out of thrall?
Go to, O all ye blind, and be more wise;
For you are both too *peevish* and *precise*:
For to deny your duty in *that thing*,
VVhereby to anger such a gracious KING:
For where his *Word* is, there should be *true Power*;
And *Subjects* ought not on his *Laws* to lowre;
Especially when they are *Just* and *Good*,
They ought by no man then to be withstood.
VVhat is your *own Coat* rent? Are you divided?
That some of you will not by Him be guided
VVhom you do say, in the next place to God,
Should bear the *Sword*, and next to Christ the *Rod*.
Look for severe Rebukes; for you have done
Despight to him that is next to God's Son:
If you lose nothing but your *Place*, it's well,
That dare unto so good a King to tell
His Actions are Illegal; though 'tis plain
His Justice is the Glory of His Reign.
Him God Exalted hath for this great VVork:
His Light shall shine before both *Jew* and *Turk*:
VVhen your late disobedient Act shall *stink*;
And what you *Brew*, you shall be sure to *Drink*.
Your Brethren that *Obeyed*, be commended;
And for the future, shall be much befriended:
VVhen all shall see, to your encrease of pain,
That with true Love you cannot *Live* nor *Reign*.
This I do write, that cannot lye nor faine:
I know your *borrowed Lights* are in the *Wane*.

Vale.

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